

# Made Man (feat. Killer Mike & Kurupt)

## Big Boi

It's nothing but murder my nigga, you hear me? Get mad when a nigga wanna take that knee

But they clap when he catch that ball

These cats nowadays straight pussy I see

They scrap but ain't got no paws

Law break an oath, take his jaw

The biggest liars of them all

I set fire in the mind and the hearts of the men

That wanna clap but it pop off

No excuses, all applause, revolution, all the soft

Restitution ain't solution for the lives that have been lost

By the time you hear this song

There'll be plenty niggas gone

Talkin' 'bout six feet under grass

While the killers be at home

Now my dealers keep that chrome

And my pimp niggas keep them hoes

I'm gon' keep on pushin' this pen

I don't write on no iPhone

Alright, alright, I'm old-fashioned

But my style cannot be cloned

Timeless classics on you bastards

Jedi rap shit all day long If you lookin' for the real

You know exactly who to come and get

Watch how you approach me homie

Miss me with that sucker shit

Hangin' out the window

Like I'm Malcolm with the yopper

If I said it then I meant it

Ain't apologizing partner

That's some real shit

They say they lookin' for the real

Said the music lacking feeling

Well this is somethin' they can feel Rollin' in the coupe, jammin' Dre and Snoop

Niggas know that I'm movin' through the hood

In my, in my, in my hoopty-hoop

Fuck around nigga, I might shoot

Get your ass spint the fuck around like a Hula-hoop

I play the block in a foolish coupe

Ooh, tell 'em, fella; ooh, tell 'em, fella

Them pussy niggas are hella jealous  
They hella yellow, they hella yellow  
They talkin' tough but they Mellow Yellow  
You catch 'em slippin', what's happenin', fella?  
Watch they ass go Helen Keller  
Can't hear, can't see, can't tell a fella  
Lord have mercy, I done prayed  
So many days for y'all to try  
I've been waitin' to buy ya flowers  
Send 'em to your mama, let her cry  
I bought a new AK today  
And I'm so happy (I'm so happy)  
I might bust it on you bustas here in traffic  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
I'm terrible  
Words that I spill  
Will lift niggas out of graves while I kill at will  
Frozen like ice cubes, chipped like bricks  
Two to your chest, five to your hip  
.30 to your homies, everybody left  
I understand exactly why he shouldn't fuck with us  
I looked at the homies, like anybody else  
Fuck saving ya homie nigga, you need to save yourself  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Let me say somethin'  
When you was growin' up  
And yo grandmama had plastic on the couch  
I know all y'all's grandmamas had plastic on the couch  
You know why y'all's grandmamas had plastic on the couch?  
Because your grandmama was a squirter

#### Songwriters

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